

MARVEL
22nd July 89

THE REAL

№58 40p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™





A change is as good as a rest, or so they say, yet Egon needs a good rest after he takes a turn for the worst in the latest fabulous issue of your favourite fright-filled weekly. Yes, folks! It's a case of **Dr Spengler and Egon Hyde** in this week's horrific offering. There's also an eye-catching story of ectoplasmic mirth in **The Private Eye!** A mysterious visitor arrives at the HQ, and **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** have a good eye-dea how to help him eye-solate his missing ecto-spherical abnormality. Firstly, though, there's more action, adventure and mysterious goings on in **The Copper Kid**, when our heroes go back to the East, and help a recently acquired friend of theirs. If that *isn't* enough, then you're greedier than Slimer!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

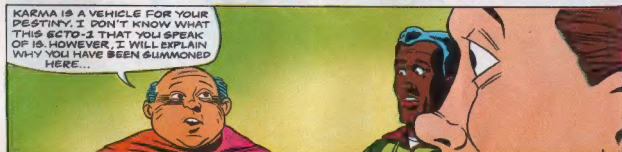


JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



THE WORLD IS IN SERIOUS DANGER. THE COPPER KID HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE MINIONS OF EVIL!



THE DEVIL OF THE SIXTH HEAVEN, THE DEMONIC KING WHO RULES OVER THE WORLD OF MORTALS, HAS TAKEN THE MAGIC KID...



...AND PLOTS TO MAKE HIM HAND OVER HIS SACRED LOCKET. IF HE SUCCEEDS, HE WILL BE SUPREME IN HIS POWER, AND THE WORLD WILL SUFFER A CRUEL FATE IN HIS MERCILESS HANDS!

BUT WHY DOES THE COPPER KID WEAR THE LOCKET? IF IT'S SO SACRED, WHY GIVE IT TO A KID?



HE IS NO MERE CHILD! HE IS THE SOOTHY INCARNATION OF THE DHARMA LORD, A HOLY AND WISE MAN!

BUT THAT DOESN'T ANSWER OUR QUESTION! WHY ARE WE HERE? WHY US?



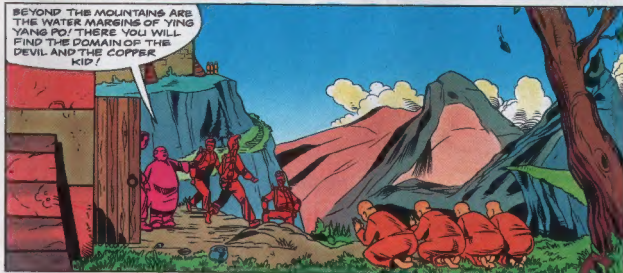
I WILL SHOW YOU.

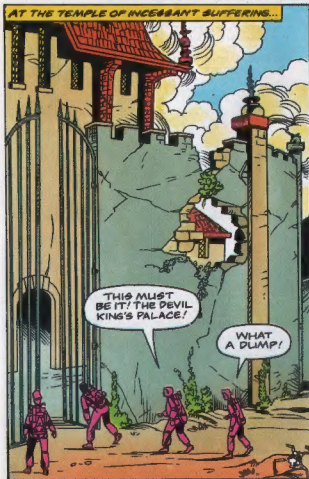
YOU ARE THE GODS FROM THE FUTURE WHO THE SCRIPTURES SAY WILL SAVE THE COPPER KID. IT IS YOUR DESTINY!



BAD KARMA!









OH, WISE ONE! TELL ME THE EIGHT-FOLD SECRET TEACHING/WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE?



NOTHING'S HAPPENING!

...WHO WANTS A LOVELY SLOMUMY CHOCO BAR?

QUICKLY-GRAB THE QUIET ONE! HE'S THE COPPER KID!



HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WAS THE TRUE KID, EGON?

EASY! HO SHANG RAI TOLD ME THAT THE COPPER KID HAD TAKEN A VOW OF SILENCE AND WOULD NOT SPEAK UNTIL HE WAS 20,000 YEARS OLD! IT WAS A SIMPLE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION!

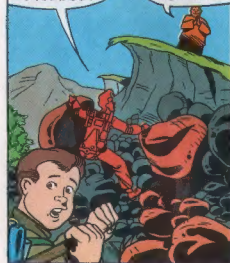


COME BACK/I WILL CONSUME YOU WITH THE FLAMES OF HELL!

OH, NO! HE'S TURNED INTO A DRAGON! NOW WE'RE DONE FOR!

QUICK, HO! THE DEVIL KING HAS TURNED INTO A DRAGON! HE'S TOO BIG FOR US TO HANDLE!

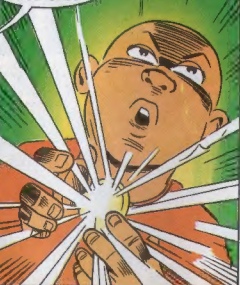
NO PROBLEM! AS YOU WOULD SAY: THE EVIL SPIRIT IS HISTORY!

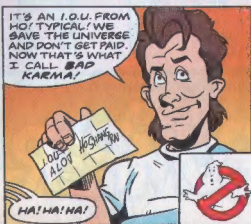
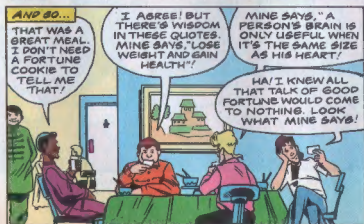
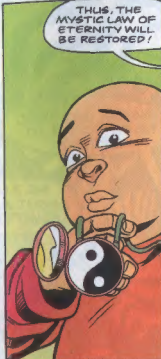
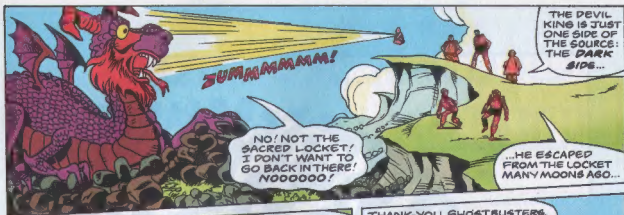


AWAKE, OH WISE ONE! IT IS TIME TO CONTAIN THE FORCES OF EVIL ONCE MORE. IT IS TIME TO RE-STORE THE BALANCE!



NOW HE IS OUT OF HIS CAGE. HIS POWERS ARE RESTORED!







HEY, GUYS.
HEARD THE
NEWS!

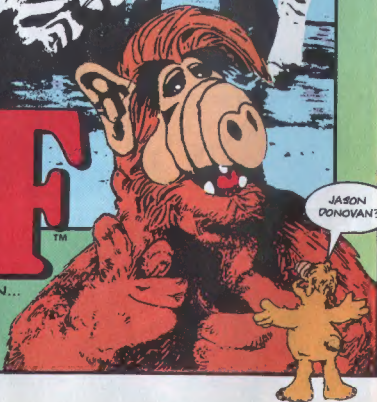
PLEASE, GEOFFREY,
WE'RE TRYING TO
DRINK!

WE ALL KNOW
ABOUT ALF AND THE
BUMPER COMIC!

ALF™

NOW APPEARING EVERY WEEK IN...

THE MARVEL
BUMPER
COMIC™



JASON
DONOVAN?

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT GUIDE

This week I want to talk to you about the little-known spectrally-induced ailment called Trans-Ectoplasmic Metamorphism, referred to in scientific circles as The Hyde Syndrome

HYDE AND SEEK

The illness was first written about by the author, Robert Louis Stevenson in his classic tale of *Suspense Doctor Jeckyll and Mister Hyde* which told the story of a mild-mannered scientist who changes into a dippy monster after drinking a rather dodgy chemical compound. He then tries desperately to seek a cure.

CHANGE FOR THE WORSE

Fiction though that tale is, it does have a foundation of truth. A combination of the correct spectral chemicals can produce The Hyde Syndrome in an unsuspecting individual. I should know, (Yes you should, after this week's fiasco - The Editor) There's no telling what you could end up turning into!

A CHANGE IN THE WHETHER

One of the most famous real-life cases was that of Arthur Henry McTrundlebear Whether, a telephone sanitiser from Ongar. One day, Mr Whether mixed up his cleaning chemicals with some ectoplasmically con-



PART 58

taminated water. The fumes of the solution were enough to do the business. Mr Whether turned into a dippy beast that was one part man, two parts chamois leather and three parts 'Eaz-o-Kleen' squirty bottle.

A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS A REST

A book rest, that is. Clarke Scott Hyde (no relation) has written an awful lot of books which feature The Hyde Syndrome as a major plot device. An awful lot. My my. He must be obsessed. His most famous include *Dr Jeckyll and Mr Hyde Two: The Return, Son of Hyde, Hyde Four: This Time it's a Personal Hygiene Problem* and the best-selling *On Occasions I go*

Dippy. However, Mr Hyde is a very prolific writer. Some of his other books are worth a look too. Of special interest are *Oops! Dippy Again, The Incredible Gherk* (the moving story of a mild-mannered scientist who changes into a giant green gherkin when he gets angry), *Dr Jeckyll and Mr Potato Head*, and *The Times Tey are A-changin'* (which is an autobiography of Bob Dylan).

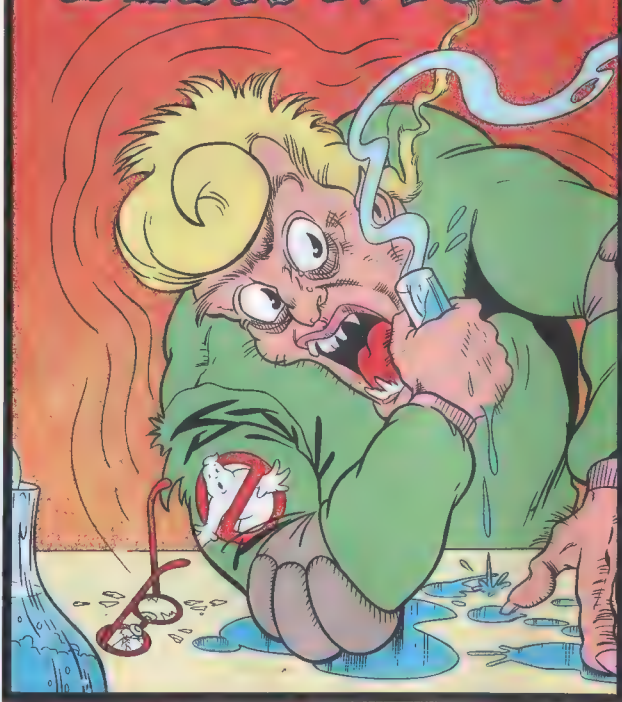
SHORT CHANGED

Lulu Twarp, an ecto-chemical researcher from Seattle is the current record holder for the shortest case of Hyde Syndrome ever. Ingesting a prepared formula, she found herself changing into a really dippy beast, she ran into the lab next door, shouting "Look! Look, you guys, I've turned into ... a ... oh, never mind!"

OH REALLY ...

As I sit here writing this, Peter sits across the table making a lemon curd, cheese spread and mustard bumper sandwich. This sums up the whole thing with the Hyde Syndrome really. Don't mix together things that don't get on naturally, otherwise you could go really dippy, or, as in Peter's case, get a nasty tummy ache.

DR. SPENGLER & EGON HYDE!



Story **DAN ABNETT**  Art **JOHN MARSHALL** and **DAVE HARWOOD**

Egon missing for several days, untouched Pizza at the locked door to the laboratory. Strange snarling noises and a terrible gnashing of big, sharp pointy teeth . . . Egon just hasn't been feeling his usual self lately!

It had to be said, Egon hadn't been his usual self of late. For a start, he'd spent hours locked in the laboratory. *Laboratory!* Heck, some people. Anyway, he usually spends hours in his lab, but this was exceptional. There were several things that pointed to this:

A) No one had seen Egon for three days.

B) Three copies of *FUNGI TODAY* had arrived by post and were still in the post rack.

C) A box containing a cold West Pier Pizza with a note on it reading "Thought you might be peckish - Janine" had been sitting outside the lab door since Wednesday.

It was only when Ray heard the growling that he and Janine (the only people in the HQ at the time) decided it was time to knock on the door with a friendly call of, "Egon? Is everything all right in there?"

Ray and Janine tried this a couple of times. Then Janine tried the door, but it was locked. Then Ray tried to force the door. Then Janine put antiseptic on the bruise on Ray's shoulder and went to find the master keys to the building.

The lab was cold and dark and quiet, and there was a funny smell. Janine put down the tray holding the plate of sandwiches, the coffee and the copies of *FUNGI TODAY* and switched the light on. Okay, so it had been a few days since they last saw Egon, but they still had a pretty good memory of what he looked like. As far as this memory served, Egon hadn't previously had burning white slits for eyes; massive paws, bizarre patterns on his skin and great big pointy spikes on his head. It was only the fact that an individual answering this description was hunched on a lab stool wearing Egon's uniform that lead them to suspect that Egon wasn't his normal self at all.

Having drunk the coffee and eaten the sandwiches, 'just to get me thinking straight', Ray sat down on a stool opposite Egon and looked at him in a fatherly, sympathetic way. Janine stood behind Ray and looked distraught in a completely un-Janinish sort of way.

"How long have you been feeling like this, Egon, ol' buddy?" asked Ray.

"Egon? I said 'how long . . . ' hey, don't eat test tubes when I'm talking to you . . . Egon? *EGON!*"

When Ray then asked if there was anything they could do to help, the thing that had been Egon looked at them significantly with his baleful, glowing eyes and methodically digested a retort stand, a two-meter length of rubber Bunsen burner cable and a box of ignition tubes.

"You eat all that equipment and we'll never balance the books at the end of the month," said Janine, the economics of accounts getting her back to her old self.

When Peter and Winston got back from the bust, they came into the lab, too, to admire Egon's newly acquired big pointy spikes and make suitably sympathetic tut-tutting noises.

"It would seem to me," said Winston, after everyone had run out of tuts, "that what we have here is a case of a badly back-fired experiment." Winston cast a glance over the things on the bench that Egon hadn't yet ingested. "He's mixed together a few of these . . . chemical whatnots and it's turned him into a spook. If we could repeat the combination, then maybe we could find the antidote."

"Nice thinking," remarked Peter, finishing the last of the cold West Pier Pizza that had been left outside the lab door since Wednesday. "Let's try it. Get a

bowl ... or a jug or a bottle and try mixing a few things up."

Winston found a bowl, and Janine found a bottle, but Peter had already found a jug and was reaching for the first flask of chemicals.

"Ecto-oxide Pluralate ..." muttered Peter, holding a flask of what looked like whale-mucus, up to the light. "That sounds like a good one to start with ... and it's a great colour ... like whale-mucus!"

He poured the solution into his jug. "Plasma-based Repeater Essence," said Winston, holding out another. "That looks like a good bet too."

"Try this Vapourous Condensation," suggested Janine helpfully. The mixture Peter was pouring into the bowl began to fizz, steam and dollop like radioactive waste mixed with hair gel.

Ray looked on dubiously. "I'm just going down stairs to file a report under the 'Serious Trouble' category ..."

When Ray came back, things had changed a little. Egon was sitting on the stool still, but no longer had white slitty eyes, massive paws and big pointy spikes

on his head. He looked pretty normal to Ray. But he *had* started tut-tutting a bit. Peter, Winston and Janine now had massive paws, white slitty eyes and spikes etc etc.

"Ah, Ray ..." said Egon, looking round. "Here's a switch. I had something of an accident a while ago and ingested a chemical compound that metamorphosised me into a slightly different form. The effects wore off naturally after a few moments, but I found that a similar change had somehow come about in our esteemed colleagues."

"Great," said Ray. "You say this is temporary?"

"Oh, yeah," replied Egon, already turning the pages of a *FUNGI TODAY*. At the bench, Janine took away the rack that Winston and Peter were worrying at and ate it herself.


"How temporary?" asked Ray after another moment.

Egon only half-looked up. "They'll change back in another week ..." he said.

"Great," said Ray again and moved towards the door. "Look, I have another report to go and file ..."



DEAD TRUE!

 Imagine playing a game of chess with an old friend. Not so amazing you might think, but it would be when you consider that the American businessman Patrick Kelly was playing against a friend that had died a quarter of a century previously.

His ghostly opponent was Maurice Tillet, a Frenchman who suffered from a terrible disease called 'acromegaly', that causes uncontrollable growth in the bones. Thus, the grotesquely deformed giant, with the soul of a poet, became a professional wrestler. Tillet and Kelly often played chess together in the home of the businessman near Braintree, Massachusetts, where Kelly would bemoan his appearance, lifting his terrible head and groaning "How awful it is to be imprisoned in this body."

But once Tillet's spirit was free of its earthly

body, he returned to the chessboard to check on his old pal. The games began when Kelly bought an electronic computer chess set. He always played on his library desk, next to a plaster-cast of Tillet's face.

Whilst in the middle of a programmed game, the computer suddenly deviated and used an eighteenth century opening devised by a French master, and much used by Maurice Tillet. Kelly played out the rest of the game, and the next morning, to his astonishment, discovered that the computer was not plugged in. The horror of it.

Nothing much was thought of it at the time. Not until a similar opening was used again, and it still was not connected to the power supply. The computer was checked by engineers, and it was found that the computer would operate without electricity as long as the

cast of Tillet's face was nearby. The cast was X-rayed for concealed electronic devices, but it was solid plaster.

Sometimes the unplugged set would not function for days on end, indicating that the spirit of his friend was not around. Kelly said that when he wanted a game, all he need do was set up the pieces without plugging in the set, then if there was no opening move forthcoming he knew Maurice was absent. But sometimes during the middle of a game the computer would play above its normal level, indicating that his friend was close by. This he proved by removing the plug and still being able to play the game. On these occasions, Maurice Tillet always gave his mate a knight to remember.

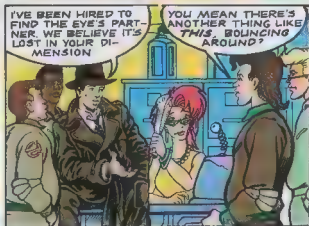
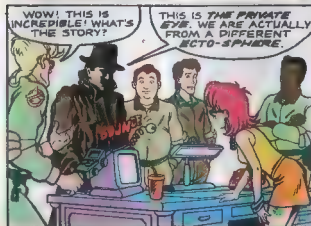
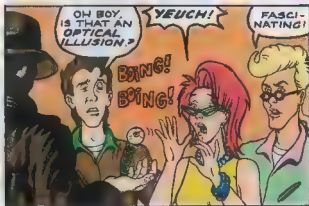
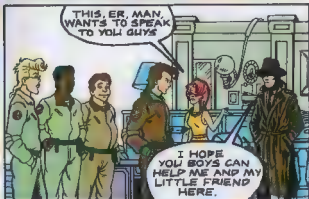
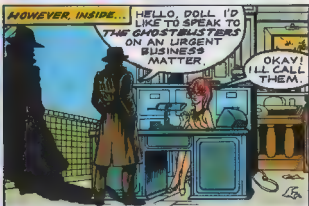
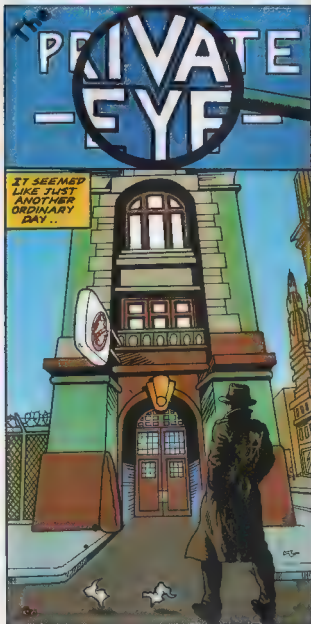
BOOT PHANTOMS

These innocent looking boots were sold to Ray by the infamous Shoppe Keeper, who entices unaware shoppers to his store where they would purchase a long-sought-after object, which would be haunted by restless spirits, so allowing a ghost to be adopted at the same time. Ray was jubilant, as the boots were so comfortable, but he soon found out he really was walking on air. That was when Ray

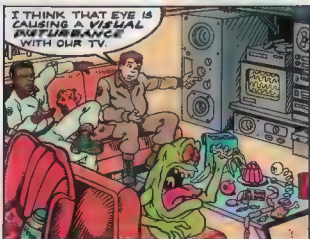
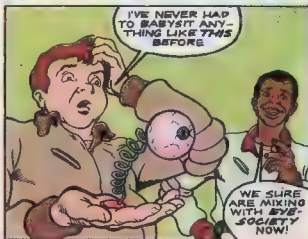
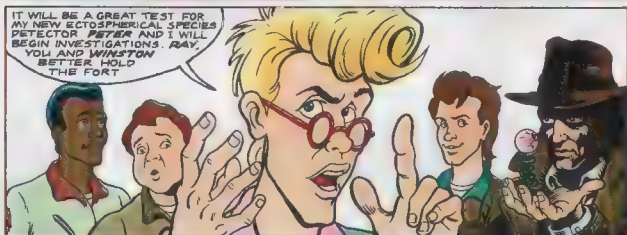
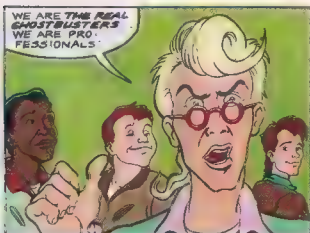
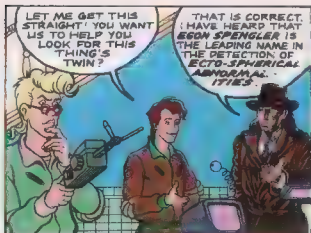
discovered something was terribly wrong with his latest purchase. These gremlins seemed to be listening to everything Ray said and deliberately walking in the opposite direction. Ray was able to trick the sprites back to HQ, where he was more easily capable of dealing with them. The sprites soon manifested themselves as the cause of the leg pulling feats, proving that the *souls* of some beings often return to haunt the living.

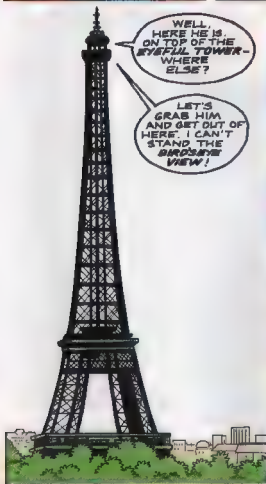
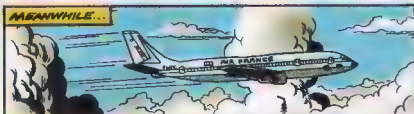


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



Story NIAMH Art TONY O'DONNELL and TIM PERKINS Lettering TOM LEARNER Colouring STUART PLACE



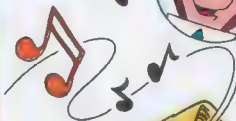


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Puzzles!
Stories!

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GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Howdy! Welcome to another ghostly Ghostbusters' letters page. I will now attempt to answer your mind-boggling questions, single-handed. Here goes ...

Dear Peter ...

Please can you answer these questions?

1. What is the most dangerous ghost you have ever caught since you have been in the Ghostbusting business?
2. What does Slimer like doing best?

— Nicholas Sawyer,
Portsmouth

1. That's a bit of a stupid question, eh! Nicholas. The most dangerous ghost from our varied career was the terrible Mr Stay-Puft, the Marshmallow Man, back when we had just started out in the Ghostbusting trade. 2. Well, that's another stupid question, isn't it! Slimer exists purely for food. Food and sliming yours truly.

I have some questions for you:

1. What does Egon use extremely and amazingly long words which go on for ever and ever?
2. What is Ectoplasmic Residue Slime made out of?
3. Does Slimer ever go to the toilet?
4. Why didn't you bite the Marshmallow Man? I bet he tastes really yummy!

— Peter Dawe, Bromsgrove

Thanks for your letter, Peter.

1. Basically, Egon uses all those long words because he is extremely intelligent. It's as simple as that! 2. Ectoplasmic Residue Slime is made out of slimy residue, the main ingredient of which is ectoplasm. Well, you did ask! 3. In a manner of speaking Slimer does go to the bathroom, but not in the usual way. When he eats, the food is transformed into slime which he globs people like me with. Now do you realize why I don't like it? 4. Are you kidding? Ectoplasm just doesn't make for good eating. Gimme a pizza any day of the week!

Dear Egon,
Don't be a fool. Can't you see that Janine is in love with you? Why don't you just marry her? Which one of your pals will be best man and who will be bridesmaid?

P.S. If Peter tries to bust Slimer, hit him with one of your heavy science books.
— David Lloyd, Smethwick

Er, David. I think you're forgetting something here. It's

me who reads the letters first!

I have a couple of questions for you:

1. Why don't you and the other Ghostbusters make an Ecto-splat 'machine' gun?
2. Why don't you put a built-in Proton Gun on the top of your car, so that you can shoot from there?

— James Steele, Gwynned

James, you have been watching too many films! Wait a minute, though. Those are great ideas. I'll have a word with the boys to see what they think.

Please can you tell me why Slimer is a friendly ghost?

— Chris Gibson,
Chelmsford

Well, that's just the way it is, I suppose. People may think, judging by the kind of ghosts that we deal with, that all ghosts are terrifying and dangerous. This is not the case, however. It just so happens that the ghosts we are asked to deal with are causing havoc for someone out there.

Please can you tell Egon that he is cute, handsome, good looking and incredibly cool. P.S. Will you ask him what he is doing tomorrow night?

— Joy Findlay, Portishead

Geel! If I'm not mistaken, that is a pretty cool compliment. I think, though, he said something about having a date with some mushrooms tomorrow night.

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



SLIMER IS VISITING
TOYTOWN...



HOWDY DOODEE DOLLY, TEDDY
AND GHACKY! WHAT'S UP?

OH, SLIMER, YOU **MUST**
HELP US.

YES, TOYTOWN
NEEDS YOU!



OW DEAR!
OW DEAR!

GHACK!

TOYTOWN IS BEING ATTACKED
BY A GIANT MONSTER, AND
ONLY YOU CAN SAVE US,
SLIMER!



YOU CAN DO IT, SLIMER!
WE KNOW YOU CAN.



ARE YOU POSI-
TIV-ARE YOU
SURE?

YES, BECAUSE
TOYTOWN IS BEING
ATTACKED BY A GIANT...

GINGERBREAD MAN!!



OH CRUMBS! IT'S
SLIMER! THAT GREEDY
GREEN GHOST WILL TRY
AND GOBBLE ME UP!
I'M OFF!

YUMMY YUM YUM!
COME HERE YOU HOO
GINGERY BREAD
MAN!

SLURP!



HOORAY FOR
SLIMER!

HOORAY!!

GHACK!

ATTACK OF THE DRIBBLERS!



THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 227** Part Three of **Headhunt**, by Furman and Senior, has Rodimus Prime, Death's Head, Cyclonus and Scourge all chasing each other through the Cybertronian sewers! Then there's the final **Aspects Of Evil** story, which shows us the true face of evil – Unicron! Story by Furman, Coleby and Smith. Then there's still another bit of the **Cross Purposes** tale, by Hama, McFarlane and Mushynsky.

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 58** It's a case of **Dr Spengler** and **Mr Hyde** in the latest fabulous issue of your favourite fright-filled weekly. There's also an eye-catching story of ectoplasmic mirth in **The Private Eye** by Niamh, O'Donnell and Perkins. **PLUS** Our heroes go back to the East in **The Copper Kid** by Carnell, Williams and Harwood.

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 9** After being foiled by Doctor Who, Death's Head finds himself on top of the headquarters of a famous super-

hero team – The Fantastic Four! Naturally enough, his appearance causes quite a stir, and very soon it's **Clobberin' Time!** Don't miss this epic confrontation, written by Simon Furman and drawn by Geoff Senior.

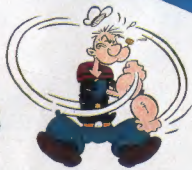
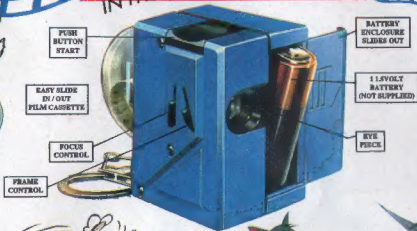
DON'T MISS...

☐ **ACTION FORCE 15** The Middle East is rocked as Action Force go into battle against a COBRA group attempting to destroy Arab oil supplies. Whatever you do, don't miss this clash of the titans in **Nights in Armour** by Abnett and Johnson. There's also a Snake-Eyes sob story – **The Mission** is by Rimmer and McCrea. **PLUS** The chance to win one of 10 Persuader Tanks in a great easy-to-enter competition!

ON SALE NOW!

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